

«Marriage of Heaven and Hell»

«Hochzit va Himmel und Hell»

by Knut Remond.

With texts by William Blake «The Marriage of Heaven and Hell» (1790-1793)

In the dialect spoken in the Upper Valais and English.

Texts

Scene 1 (Intro): by Knut Remond

Scene 2 (The Argument; The Voice of the Devil; A memorable Fancy):

by William Blake (translated in Valais dialect)

Scene 3 (Proverbs of Hell): by William Blake (in Valais dialect and English)

Scene 4 (Chorus): by William Blake (in Valais dialect and English)

Scene 1: (Intro, by Knut Remond)

Tape / William Blake

After his journey from London, William Blake arrives at the mineral mine "Lengenbach" in the Binn Valley.

Blake: "Tyger, Tyger, burning bright
In the forests of the night"

Blake: Pooh, end of the journey (pshaw!)

Blake: Aah! Fresh air, holy cows, friendly people. Mr. Fuseli told me:
he wouldn't know a better place to spend some leisurely days ...

Blake: I guess there's some truth in that!

Blake: Basking in the sun with pleasure, far away from the foolish drivel of Voltaire, Rousseau
and Newton!

Blake: Yes, one is definitely inclined to feel that time has stood still in this place!

Blake: "Tyger, Tyger, burning bright
In the forests of the night"

Blake: Wah! How excellently have I dozed! And in my dream I pasted Captain Swedenborg!

Blake: Harharhar!

Blake: I can hardly await to see the Flying Monsters!

Blake: "Active Evil is better than Passive Good" "War is energy Enslavd"

Blake: Strange, all I can see is cow shit.

Blake: Ta – taa – ta –taa! I'm coooming!

Blake: Whoops!

Blake: Mr. Fuseli told me intensely, Meesther Blake: around this mineral mine there are myriads
of corridors and chambers, in which the Flying Monster with its glowing breath keeps playing its
tricks.

Blake: No reason to panic!

Blake: "Tyger, Tyger, burning bright
In the forests of the night"

Blake: I can only see a pile of rocks, but that was certainly not what Mr. Fuseli meant!

Blake: Aaand jump!

Blake: Should I have been pleased too soon?

Blake: Scoobididoo

Blake: A funny lad, this Mr. Fuseli! It's simply impossible to say no to him... even if you want to! Hehe

Blake: Goodness! That really makes you sweat.

Blake: "Tyger, Tyger, burning bright
In the forests of the night"

Blake: To drink or not to drink, that is the question here!

Blake: A cold, dark draught beer HiHiHi

Blake Look there: "The Wandering Moon" and when I look into the deep of the universe I see a huge billiard table stood upside down, falling stars crossing each other in perfect geometry as if played by a master billiard player.

Blake: Listen, Listen!

Blake: Psst... psst...psst! (-ssh!)

Blake. That takes the biscuit! What the hell is sounding there?

Blake: Yippee!

Blake: ... something is in motion within my ear!

Blake: Oooops!

Blake: How? What? I must be dreaming!

Blake: Holy smoke! Struth!

Blake: Fabulous! Unbelievable! Phenomenal! I'm enthused beyond belief!

Blake: "Tyger, Tyger, burning bright
In the forests of the night"

Blake: Mr. Fuseli told me: beware, Flying Monsters abound in Lost Paradise!

Blake: Oh my god!

Blake: Yes! And those, who arrive, disappear under mysterious circumstances, was Mr. Fuseli's advice to me.

Blake: MAD OUSE! MAD OUSE! Madness! Madness!

Blake: I heard an Angel singing
When the day was springing,
"Mercy, Pity, Peace
Is the world's release.

Blake: Fear will make you blind ... and I bet there is a lot to discover here, if you only look and listen closely!

Blake: Ouch!

Blake: "Tyger, Tyger, burning bright
In the forests of the night"

Blake: Mr. Fuseli wrote the following on a piece of paper when I embarked on my journey in London, heading for the Binntal: In the mineral mine, dreams of intergalactic spheres will intensify your imagination a great deal more.

Blake: dumb-ass!

Blake: By the way, my wife, (Catherine) told me that skiing in Space is a jamboree.

Blake: "Tyger, Tyger, burning bright
In the forests of the night"

Blake: Dumdidum!

Blake: Oh God! Without Mr. Fuseli's notes I'm completely lost!

Blake: It makes me want to tear my hair out

Blake: This Man (Mr. Fuseli) sticks to me like a piece of chewing gum.

Blake: "Tyger, Tyger, burning bright
In the forests of the night"

Blake: Oh! Oh! Look there! Highty-tighty! Hoity-toity!

Blake: The writing is pretty scrawly!

Mr. Fuseli's note: so that in your eyes the shine of the holy is mirrored, the paths of the Rout of Rebel Angels are covered with yellow mica, and the rebellious angels are mirrored acoustically in the cairngorm. You will feel how your spirit and your body will be shaken thoroughly, your skin will vibrate, everything will fly around!

Blake: Oh, how great to be loved like this! Killingly funny!

the postscript, PS by Mr. Fuseli: Inchworm, beetles, crickets, fireflies, bumble-bees, Apollo butterflies.

The resonance will make you glow!

Blake: Wow! That cuts the mustard! Yippee!

Blake: Hahahihohahaha! Hehehe!

Blake: Poppycock!

Blake: To take us for such a ride!

Blake: That pighead!

Scene 2:

Ds Argumänt

The Argument

Tape + Soprano-Voice

Rintrah donnrut unt schittut schini Fiir inner schwer Luft.

Rintrah roars & shakes his fires in the burden'd air;

Hungrigi Wolkä hangunt uber dr Teiffi.

Hungry clouds swag on the deep.

**Vor langer Zyt, fromm unt uf gfäärlichu Wägä,
het dr Grächtu an schinum Wäg feschtghaltu durchs
Tal vam Tod.**

Once meek, and in a perilous path,
The just man kept his course along
The vale of death.

Rosä schteent, wa Dornä wachsunt, unt uf dr blutt Mattu summunt d Honigbiini.

Roses are planted where thorns grow,
And on the barren heath
Sing the honey bees.

**De hentsch ä gfäärlichu Pfaad aagleit, unt ä Fluss unt ä Quellu uf jeder Klippu, uf jedum
Grab, unt uf ä bleichu Knochä isch rotä Lehm erschinu.**

Then the perilous path was planted,
And a river and a spring
On every cliff and tomb,
And on the bleached bones
Red clay brought forth;

**Bis dass der Beschu di Pfaadä va dr Bequemlichkeit het verlaa, um uf dä gfeerlichu Pfaadä
ds wandlu und dä Grächtu inä gottverlassnu
Landschtrich ds triibu.**

Till the villain left the paths of ease,
To walk in perilous paths, and drive
The just man into barren climes.

**Unt de isch d hinnerlischtig Schlangu ganz fescht demüötig cho,
unt dr Grächtu raast in d Wildniss, wa d Löwä umenannt schliichunt.**

Now the sneaking serpent walks
In mild humility,
And the just man rages in the wilds
Where lions roam.

Rintrah donnrut unt schittut schini Fiir inner schwer Luft
Rintrah roars & shakes his fires in the burden'd air;

Hungrigi Wolkä hangunt uber dr Teiffi.
Hungry clouds swag on the deep.

D Schtimm vam Tiifel

The Voice of the Devil

Tape

Alli Biblä oder heilige Gsetzesbiechär sind d Ursach gsi va dä folgundu Irrtimmer:
All Bibles or sacred codes have been the causes of the following Errors:

1. Dass dr Mänsch zwei tatsächlichi Prinzipiä heigi:

Nämli: ä Körper unt ä Seel

That Man has two real existing principles: Viz: a Body & a Soul.

2. Dass d Energie, mu seit dra ds Beescha, äleinig Sach vam Körper sigi unt dass d Vernunft, mu seit dra ds Güöta, äleinig Sach va dr Seel sigi.

. That Energy, call'd Evil, is alone from the Body; & that Reason, call'd Good, is alone from the Soul.

3. Dass Gott dr Mänsch, wa schiner Energie nageit, quellu wird bis in alli Ewigkeit.

That God will torment Man in Eternity for following his Energies.

Aber folgendi Gägusätz zum Gseitu sind waar:

But the following Contraries to these are True:

1. Dr Mänsch het nit ä Sel, wa vam Körper gitrennt isch. Will das, wa mu als Körper verschteit, ä Teil va dr Seel isch, erschpät va de füüf Sinnä, wa dr Höiptigang sind va dr Seel in all discher Zyt.

Man has no Body distinct from his Soul;
for that call'd Body is a portion of Soul discern'd by the five Senses,
the chief inlets of Soul in this age.

2. Energie isch ds einzig Läbu unt shtammt vam Körper. Unt d Vernunft isch dr Iiband oder dr üsser Chreis rund um d Energie.

Energy is the only life, and is from the Body;
and Reason is the bound or outward circumference of Energy.

3. Energie isch ewigi Freid.

Energy is Eternal Delight.

Ä Fantasie, wa mu schi müöss merku

Tape

A memorable Fancy

Wenn i durchs Fiir va der Hell bi gangu, entzickt va allu Freidä vam Geischt, wa de Englu wie Qualä und Wahnsinn vorchemmunt, häni ä paar va iru Schprichwerter gsammlut; ich hä mer gideicht, dass - genau äso wie d Redunsartä va mä Land öi deschi Charakter üfzeigunt - d Schprichwerter va dr Hell d Natur va dä infernaalu Gschitheitä besser cha zeigu va Giböide oder Chleider. Wenn i de bi heim cho: Über dum Abgrund va de füüf Sinnä, wa ä glischigä Schtutz fischer uber d Wält lüögut, häni ä mächtigä Tiifel gsee, versteckt in schwaarzu Wolkä, wa zum Felsu uber gschwappt sint: Mit Fiir, va sich uberall durfrisst, het er folgändä Satz gschribu, wa jetz dr Geischt va dä Mänschä soll gcheeru unt wa va inu uf dr ganz Wält soll verläsu wärdü:

Wie willt du wissu, ob nit jedä Vogel, wa d Luft durchschniidut, än unghiirlichi Wält va Freid unt Entzücku isch, wa dinä füüf Sinnä verschlossu isch?

As I was walking among the fires of hell, delighted with the enjoyments of Genius, which to Angels look like torment and insanity, I collected some of their Proverbs; thinking that as the sayings used in a nation mark its character, so the Proverbs of Hell show the nature of Infernal wisdom better than any description of buildings or garments.

When I came home: on the abyss of the five senses, where a flat sided steep frowns over the present world, I saw a mighty Devil folded in black clouds, hovering on the sides of the rock: with corroding fires he wrote the following sentence now percieved by the minds of men, & read by them on earth:

How do you know but ev'ry Bird that cuts the airy way,
Is an immense world of delight, clos'd by your senses five?

Scene 3:

Tape + Soprano-Voice + Baritone-Voice

Sprichwörter va dr Hell **Proverbs of Hell**

The lust of the goat is the bounty of God.
D Luscht vam Bock isch nix anders als all das, va wa dr Herrgott zvil het.

The eagle never lost so much time as when he submitted
to learn of the crow.
Dr Adler het nie äso vil Zyt verloru als de, wann er gmeint het, er
mi essä eppis leeru va dä Gaagä.

The soul of sweet delight can never be defil'd.
Schich ganz uschuldig uber eppis ds gefrewwu - das cha nie Dräck aasetzu.

Exuberance is Beauty.
Über d Schträng schlaa isch, was Schönheit üsmacht.

Prudence is a rich, ugly old maid courted by Incapacity.
Vorsicht isch ä riichi, grüüsigi alti jungfer, wa va dr unfähigkei t
hofiert wird.

The cut worm forgives the plow.
Ae zerschnittunä wurm isch dum pflüög nit besch.

Di p him in the river who loves water.
Ki denu inä fluss, wa ds wasser gärü het.

A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees.
Aen göich unt äs ganz gschi its manni gsent nit dr glich böim.

He whose face gives no light, shall never become a star.
Aes gsicht, va wellum keis liecht chunnt, cha nie ä stäru si.

The busy bee has no time for sorrow.
Aes fliisigs bii het nie zit fer schi ds chlagu.

No bird soars too high, if he soars with his own wings.
Kei vogel fleigut ds hoch, wenn är nur schini eigundu fligel brüücht.

If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise.
Titi dr narr uf schiner dummheit biharu, wäri dr bald ä gschiidä.

The nakedness of woman is the work of God.
Dr blutt körper van ärä fröi isch ds wärch vam herrgott.

The bird a nest, the spider a web, man friendship.
Dr vogl äs näscht, d schpinna äs netts, dä mänschu frindschaft.

The fox condemns the trap, not himself.
Dr fuggs git dr fallu ds schuld unt nit schi ch säl bscht.

One thought fills immensity.
Aen gidanku längt, fer ds unändliche ds fillu.

Every thing possible to be believ'd is an image of truth.
Alles, wa mu cha glöibu, isch äs shtuck va dr waarheit.

The tygers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction.
Di tigärä vam zooru sint gschiider als d reschini fer ds leeru.

Listen to the fool's reproach! it is a kingly title!
Tüö losu, was der dr narr anä chopf kit! äs isch än königstitel!

Weak in courage is strong in cunning.
Wer wenig gurasch het, cha güöt bschiissu.

Expect poison from the standing water.
Wenn d zumä shtillu wasser chuscht, de deich dra, dass chännti
vergiftut sii.

When thou seest an Eagle, thou seest a portion of Genius; lift up thy head!
Wenn d än adler gseesch, gseesch ä shtuck vam geischt; häb dr chopf in d luft!

To create a little flower is the labour of ages.
Fer ä chliini blüömu la ds waggusu, brüüchsst ganz ä hüfu ziiit und
chrampf.

Damn braces. Bless relaxes.
Nider mit dä fesslä! Schi loos ds machu isch heilig.

The crow wish'd every thing was black, the owl that every thing was
white.
Die gaagu will, dass alles schwarz isch, d öila will, dass alles wiis isch.

Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires.
Aes isch gschiider, äs chind inner wiega ds teetu als dass dü wünsch
hescht, wa dr sowiso nie erfillscht.

Where man is not, nature is barren.
Wa kei mänsch isch, isch d natur langwiilig und leer.

Enough! or Too much.
Gnüög! Odr zvil

Scene 4:

CHORUS

For every thing that lives is Holy
Will alles, was läbt, öi heilig isch.